

# THE SCEPTRE

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of  
The Queens Blues



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# QUEENS BLUES

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NOTE: Due to the efforts of Kathleen Hollingsworth, who was appointed by Dr. Moore and the Blues Staff, the Literary Number of the Queens Blues has been possible. We are greatly indebted to her for her work.



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## The Snow at Queens

o o o

"O, see the pretty white flakes falling!"  
We heard the happy voices calling  
To their room-mates, class-mates, friends and all  
To come out and see the snow flakes fall.

Down the steps they came tumbling,  
Laughing, screaming, yelling, and mumbling  
A merry crowd they proved to be,  
For snow was falling at ol' Q. C.

The wind tore at our old coat tails,  
But did not silence our happy yells.  
We screamed and danced with glee  
To see snow falling at ol' Q. C.

Dong! went the bell to go to bed,  
And into dreamland we soon were led;  
Lost to the outside whitening with snow,  
But we slept all night long; and so—  
Dong! went the bell for us to rise,  
We saw snow still falling from the skies;

We dressed in our snugs all nice and warm,  
And went out into the pretty snow storm.  
Some were slipping, some were sliding,  
Some were carefully, cautiously gliding;

We called for Dr. Frazer to come out and see  
How the snow had whitened up ol' Q. C.  
Somebody threw a ball at our President,  
"Lickety-split" 'round the corner he went!  
Luck for him and for us all  
His feet were kind and he did not fall!

There's fun in store for young and old,  
There are laughs and thrills a thousand fold;  
When you see us slip and slide—

W—H—E—E—!

And the snow flakes fall at our Q. C.  
Put up your sleds and snow shoes all,  
Lift up your faces to sunshine's call;  
There's no more fun right now to be  
For the snow has melted at ol' Q. C.

E. B.



## Deep Within the Waving Forest

o o o

By THELMA STONE

I HATED everything and everybody that day. All was gloomy and dark. I felt my unpopularity when the Student Body voted to expel me, and all eyes were indignant and accusing. And I had been stubborn and unrepentant when caught in the act of dishonoring their college. There was hate in my heart for them all, and for the college I had come to so unwillingly.

No one came to sympathize with a girl so utterly unworthy. In my room I cried in the bitterness and hate I felt.

Suddenly I stopped crying—listening. Faintly at first, in the distance, and then clearer and sweeter, came the sound of voices singing—

“Deep among the fragrant pine trees  
Is our college true . . . .”

The swinging rhythm caught me and lifted my heart from its darkness, and I listened and waited, quivering. Soon there swung into view through an avenue of pine trees, a long, long line of girls, singing. They came

marching on towards me, and I saw their eyes, steadfast, and true, and shining.

“Deep within the waving forest,  
Far from bustling town . . . .”  
they sang it, smiling.

I watched and listened hungrily, but no one noticed me. Their eyes were fixed ahead, and all were singing. The line was long, but steps were light and unwearied. “Stands our noble Alma Mater, proudly looks she down—”

And then I caught a kindly smile for me. I rushed forward frenziedly and cried out to the girls, “Who are you? Where are you going? O, let me go, too!” I did not know that tears were running down my cheeks.

At first they paid no attention, but marched on. And then the end of the line came into view, and there were my own classmates, smiling and beckoning! With a joy and peace unspeakable, I found myself borne along, and knew that I belonged with them henceforth.

Sometime when my “Alma Mater” is sung I know I shall cry, but I do not know why.

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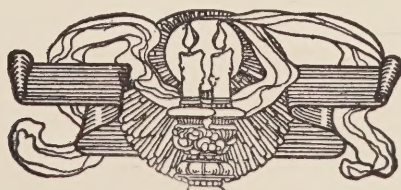
## Editorial

o o o

There has to be a beginning for even the smallest things, and it is hoped that this small and modest copy of *The Blues* will be the beginning of a Quarterly Literary Magazine for Queens. Almost every other school of this size has a literary magazine, and Queens is just as capable of putting out one as they. Every year at

the Press Convention our representatives are impressed with this need, and we are as prepared now to start the magazine as we ever will be. We have the opportunity, the ability, and the time is ripe. Have we your co-operation?

K. B. H.



## A Baby Smiled

o o o

A Baby smiled,  
And dim, dark stable walls grew bright,  
And placid kine, and soft, sweet hay grew gold with light.  
'Twas fair the while—  
When Baby smiled.

A Baby smiled,  
And stall and manger in that sweet light shone,  
And Mary, standing near, was awed as she looked on  
Her first-born child—  
As Baby smiled.

A Baby smiled—  
And darkness vanished from the earth around.  
Life, joy, and peace and hope shone forth, and God looked down  
With mercy mild—  
When Baby smiled. M. S. B.



## Realism in Cervantes and Defoe

By ANNIE BARTON MCFALL

o o o  
o o o

WE are by nature both realists and idealists, delighting in the long run about equally in the representation of life somewhat as it is and as it is dreamed to be. There is accordingly no time in which art does not to some extent minister to both instincts in human nature. But in one period the ideal is in ascendancy; in another the real. Idealism in course of time falls into unendurable exorbitancies; realism likewise offends by its brutality and cynicism. Romance learns from realism; and realism learns from romance. In this way literature is always moving on to something that can never be predicted. Originally, a romance meant a highly idealized verse-narrative of adventure or love translated from the French, that is, from a romance language. For a verse-narrative approaching closer to the manners of real life—its intrigues and jealousies—the Provençal poets had employed the word “*novas*” for a like narrative in prose, always short. Of stories of this realistic content, many were written in English in the fourteenth century, but they were called tales. Clara Reeve, in *The Progress of Romance*, in 1785, says that the novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it is written. The novel gives a familiar relation of such things as pass every day before our eyes.

There was in vogue in the Spain of the sixteenth century, a species of romance called books of chivalry. They were developments of the legends dealing with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. These stories had appealed in the first place to what we should still think of as the spirit of chivalry: they were full of tourneys and single combats, desperate adventures and romantic loves. With time and popularity this kind of story had naturally intensified its characteristics until it had reached the greatest extravagances and absurdity, and combined in a way the reality of the fairy tale with the bombast of the melodrama. Cervanter had apparently read these books with avidity, and was not without a great sympathy with the kind of imagination they embodied. His first book, the *Galatea*, was an embodiment of a kind of pastoral idealism: sentimental verses being interspersed with euphuistic prose, the whole describing the lovelorn shepherds and heartless shepherdesses of Arcadia.

But while these books expressed Cervantes' natural taste and ambition, the events of his life and the real bent of his talent, which he in time came himself to

recognize, drove him to a very different sort of composition. His first thought as a writer does not seem to have been to make direct use of his rich experience and varied observation; he was rather possessed by an obstinate longing for that poetic gift which Heaven had denied him. He began with the idyllic romance, the *Galatea*, but in the course of the writing struck one vein of much richer promise. It was what the Spanish call the “*picaresque*,” that is, the description of the life and character of rogues, pickpockets, vagabonds, and all those wretches and sorry wits that might be found about the highways, in the country inns, or in the slums of cities. His talent and experience were invaluable to him as the author of *Don Quixote*, where they enabled him to supply a foil to the fine world of his poor hero's imagination. A single spark from his experience in Vagabondia was enough to produce a new conception: that of a parody on the romances of chivalry in which the extravagances of the fables of knighthood should be contrasted with the sordid realities of life. This is done by the ingenious device of representing a country gentleman whose naturally generous mind, unhinged by much reading of the books of chivalry, should lead him to undertake the office of knight-errant, and induce him to ride about the country clad in ancient armor, to right wrongs, to succor defenseless maidens, to kill giants, and to win empires as vast as that of Alexander.

This is the subject of *Don Quixote*, but it could not have produced a book of enduring charm and well-seasoned wisdom, had it not been filled in with a great number of amusing and lifelike episodes, and verified by two admirable figures, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, characters at once intimately individual and truly universal. The adventures these two heroes encounter are naturally only such as travelers along the Spanish roads would then have been likely to come upon. Critics agree in blaming the exceptions which Cervantes allowed himself to make to the realism of his scenes, where he introduced romantic tales into the narrative of the first part. He avoided this mistake in the second part, and devised the visit to the Duke's palace, and the intentional sport there made of the hero, to give variety to the story. *Don Quixote* has enjoyed a universal popularity, and has had the singular privilege of accomplishing the object for which it was written, which was to recall fiction from the extravagances of the



books of chivalry to the study of real life. It threatened to become a satire on human idealism.

Cervantes probably would have said that the moral of Don Quixote was that the force of idealism is wasted when it does not recognize the reality of things. Neglect of the facts of daily life made the absurdity of the romances of chivalry and of the enterprises of Don Quixote.

"What is needed is not that idealism should be surrendered, either in literature or in life, but that in both it should be made efficacious by a better adjustment to the reality it would transform. The truth has been rendered in it, and men may return to it always, as to nature herself, to renew their theories or to forget them, and to refresh their fancy with the spectacle of a living world." (George Santayana).

Defoe's fictions proper are cast in the autobiographical form and are founded on incidents in the lives of real persons, and his biographies contain a large proportion of fiction. It is a mistake to call *Robinson Crusoe* a "great boys' book"—unless we regard the boy nature as persistent in all men, and perhaps it is in all healthy men—for it treats the unaided conflict with nature and circumstance, which is the essence of adult life, with unequalled simplicity and force. Crusoe is not merely an adventurer, he is the human will, courage, resolution, stripped of all the adventitious support of society. He has the elements of universal humanity, though in detail he is as distinctly English as Odysseus is Greek. Defoe is sometimes spoken of as the first great realist. In a limited sense this may be true. He presents the surface of a limited area of the eighteenth century world with fidelity. The novel was in its in-

fancy: and as if a "true story" was more worthy of respect than an invention, it received from Defoe an air of verisimilitude and is usually based on some real events. He is careful to embellish his fictions with little bits of realism. Thus, Moll Flanders gives an inventory of the goods she took in America. This enumeration of particulars certainly gives an air of reality, but it is a trick easily caught, and is only now and then that he hits on the characteristic circumstances which give life and reality to the narrative. Except in *Robinson Crusoe*, much of his detail is irrelevant and tiresome. But all the events on the lonely island are admirably harmonized and have an increasing effect. A certain relationship can be traced between his work, and the picaresque tales of France and Spain, but not close enough to detract from his claim to original power. Defoe in *Robinson Crusoe* displays a power to make alive. It is a gift of genius, denied to preceding English writers of prose fiction, and rarely equalled since. The form of his story could be imitated, but not its soul. The universal appeal implied in the realistic account of the successful struggle of one man against the pitiless forces of nature was something no one else could impart to a book of adventure, something Defoe himself never caught again. It is this that links *Robinson Crusoe* with the great poems of the world and makes it perhaps the most indisputable English classic of modern times.

The novels of Cervantes and Defoe, along with the works of Bunyan and Swift, initiated realism into literature. But a century of realism was to be ushered in in the writings of Samuel Richardson, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollette, Lawrence Sterne, Sarah Fielding, Samuel Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith.

## Recognition

o o o

Somewhere deep in the subconscious heart of me  
I must have known that you would be there,  
For I remember that I dressed with care  
And brushed and coiled the heavy masses of my hair.  
And something seemed to dance and sing  
All the way to this tea  
Where you waited for me—  
Not knowing it.  
A tea—such a conventional place  
To meet you who were to become  
The answer to those things in me  
Most primal.

K. B. H.



## Dinner Table Talk

o o o

By MARY GROOME MCNINCH

o o o

**W**ERE you ever the dinner guest who listened without adding a thought to the conversation? Were you ever embarrassed by the thought that you were not well enough acquainted with to have any but a hazy viewpoint? How often does dinner table talk become platitudinous! An unassuming part in the entertainment of the other guests should be our responsibility. The well-informed, well-poised woman has the grace and culture requisite to so do.

In the present age of advanced learning, there is a demand for the more versatile companion. Literature, as never before, is recognized as a popular subject of conversation. Wherever an intellectual group of people gather, classics have their place in conversation, as do

also periodicals. Newspapers, too, form the basis for all current topics. It is though, perhaps, the current books which are the greatest source of modern literary conversation.

The woman conversant with contemporary literature is universally the charming dinner partner. Pride in self prompts us somewhat to strive to become the well-read woman; but I do not believe that we stress enough the value of much reading, and of reflecting upon the problems presented in order that we may discern what our own viewpoint shall be. This opportunity is today unlimited, and our duty, no, our privilege, is to read every book which we deem beneficial in making ourselves the entertaining women so sought after as the guests of all.



## Christmas Gift

o o o

A child has prepared a gift for Mother's Christmas. She spent many hours puzzling over what would be the very nicest gift and what Mother would like best, and finally one day she had an idea. It was to be made by hand, as a gift made with love has more value to the receiver than one bought.

The child has worked on this gift patiently and painstakingly to make it good. Slowly it has grown under her hands and has been completed. She is glad, because the gift is filled with her thoughts and feelings and love, and proudly she now gives it as a—

## CHRISTMAS GIFT

o o o

The child's name is "Student Body," the mother is "Queens," and the gift is this little booklet prepared by the child alone, who says "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"



## The Phantom Prince

By JEAN HICKLIN CRAIG

AS Iris was sitting beneath the branches of a moss-hung live oak with her tiny feet almost in a dark mirror-like pool, she heard rustling leaves and snapping twigs as some one drew near to her. Thinking that it was her twin brother whose custom it was to meet her each evening in this favorite nook, she did not look up from her reading, but continued to be engrossed in the wonderful tale of the prince who had wooed a fair maiden many years ago.

He sat down beside her, but still she did not give him her customary cheery greeting, which so pleased her admiring brother.

Soon the story of the prince and the fair maiden was finished and the book was reverently closed as if within its pages dwelt the characters, in truth.

"Oh, Brother, that was a beautiful story. How I wish something truly romantic could happen to me." And looking up she added, "Do you suppose it ever could?"

"Yes, little Sister, there is no princie fine enough for you!"

Startled upon hearing a voice which was not her brother's, she drew back and looked wonderingly straight into the huge brown eyes of a handsome stranger.

"Sir, how bold of you to accost me in the forest! And *who* are you, anyway?" angrily spoke the dainty lavender-eyed girl as she hastily rose to her feet.

With a princely bow, the stranger said in tones that were low and musical, "Fair Maiden of the Story Book, I am sorry for my impulsive intrusion, but not wishing to disturb such a beautiful picture, I feasted upon it until the story ended, hoping to gain some information from you as to the way out of this forest."

Iris looked deep into his eyes, then scrutinized his profile, looked at his tie to note his taste, and at his shoes, to see how firm was his foundation. Being pleased with the outcome, and feeling that the stranger was really a gentleman, she talked gently to him, explaining that he was almost out of the forest.

"I will guide you to the edge of the forest, for it has numerous tricky paths which cause many persons to become lost in its midst. I love the forest, though, and so does my twin brother."

"Are you not afraid to be alone in the forest? Suppose I were a phantom come to tease you away to the deeper recesses where I would keep you captive? Sup-

pose I were the Prince who had come to win your love and flee with you on my cold black steed to my castle far away?"

"Oh, but you came on foot, and besides, no one could harm me, because this is my secret nook, and you are the first person who has ever found it alone. Perhaps you are a Prince in disguise and will call your cold black steed. Who knows?"

As they withdrew from the denser foliage they found themselves in an open space surrounded by the spreading branches of enormous trees. Up above, the blue of the sky showed through the opening, and birds lodged in the tree-tops sang to their hearts' content. Wild flowers grew in profusion, brightening the drab green panorama. The stranger strode over to the largest tree and loosened the tie which bound his horse, allowing the beautiful, prancing creature to follow him.

Iris and the phantom walked to the edge of the forest in a perfect dream. There he obtained promises for another meeting down by the liquid black pool.

"Oh, handsome Prince, you cannot ride away so soon without even telling me your name, and I have already disclosed mine to you," wistfully sighed the enraptured Iris.

"Golden-crowned, lavender-eyed Iris, that blooms by the side of the mirror-like pool in the depths of the forest, no name that I could give would be suitable for your fanciful mind. Remember me as the phantom who woos a fair maiden, whispering words of love through the rustling leaves, shouting to the world from the tree tops as the birds, his joy in having found you, and babbling songs of fidelity in the woodland streams. Adieu, until tomorrow!" And he was gone.

Iris stood wondering for some minutes, and then ran quickly back into the forest and on to her home. How foolish to dream like this! He was only a playful stranger eager for adventure. She could hardly hope to see him again. How handsome he was! How charming his manner!

"Sister, why do you not eat tonight? You are dreaming all the time. What can be the matter?" anxiously questioned her brother.

Not wishing to disclose her secret even to her twin brother, she brushed the query aside with a laugh.

The phantom proved true to his word, meeting Iris many times in the forest. They planned to be married there in the picturesque forest. Brother was to play the violin, and a friend was to sing "At Dawning," "Be-



cause," and "All For You." The birds, the trees, the gentle breezes all were to take part in the wedding. The beautiful ceremony was to be held at dawn—'Twas the dawn of materializing dreams.

On the evening before the wedding the happy pair once more roamed through the forest, joyous over their new-found love. They laughed over the romantic story book imagination which had been so minutely observed in their courtship.

"How surprised and pleased all my friends will be when they see my handsome Prince. Not one soul has seen you—you know! I've been horridly selfish about you, but Prince Charming, it has been such a wonderful dream come true."

As the dawn flamed the sky a shy little girl surrounded by friends and relatives awaited the arrival of the mysterious bridegroom. Brother played as though his whole heart was in the notes that were wafted high into the heavens. Joyous notes were they! Birds joined into the melody, anxious to have a part in the wedding.

Iris grew nervous, pale and faint as the minutes grew into hours, and the sun rose high into the sky, but the

bridegroom did not appear. Could it be that he had wooed and won the fair maiden, the beautiful Iris, and had left her crushed and broken—her petals never to be upright again?

Brother, seeing his sister's agony, lifted her into his arms and took her home, where he attempted to comfort her. Nothing could ease her mind, nothing seemed to help her forget. She loved this handsome phantom who had mercilessly stolen her heart away and left her to die a slow, painful death.

After months Iris was able to get out into the sunshine and to wander about in the forest. She never spoke of her sorrow. She talked but little, and then in disconnected sentences as though in another world.

One day she and her brother went into the forest, down to her favorite nook by the side of the mirrow-like pool overhung by moss-covered oaks, where she had first met her Prince. He left her alone for a short while. When he returned she was gone, never to be found again.

## The Passing of the Old Ford

By AGNES BINGHAM

ITS death note has been sounded. That faithful servant, who has served willingly and capably for so many years, is being discarded for a newer rival.

What need is there to describe that friend with whom we are all so well acquainted? Have we not been tossed about in it? Would we not recognize it in every disguise, from the aristocratic sedan to the joyous "strip-down"? What need is there to describe the merits of one, who for many years, has taken us there and brought us back, safely? While its cousins, uncles, and aunts passed it on the highways and lowways, it plodded

along, getting into difficulties, but just as quickly getting out. It alone stood up under severe blows which overcame its disdainful superiors.

How can it compete with that rival, which Will Rogers describes as having wings instead of fenders? And yet after it has done its work so well, we are now ready and eager to discard it without any sentiment whatsoever. It is the same old story, "Off with the old and on with the new."

But instead of selling it to the junk-man, in a parting tribute, let us give it its well-deserved rest and raise our voice in thanks to our friend, the Old Tin Lizzie.



## Tarpeia

o o o

**A**CROSS the low-lying hills sounded the clank of the Sabine horses,  
And the brass of the Sabine shields gleamed in the sun.  
Up to the gates of the Capitoline rode the leaders;  
Their stalwart arms

And shoulders of bronze  
Were heavy with metals and jewels—  
Rubies, emeralds, bloodstones, and gold,  
All the wealth of a conquering people,  
All the booty of battles of conquest—

And there at the gate of the Capitoline  
Stood Tarpeia, the daughter of Rome,  
Trusted to hold the key to the gate  
From the hands of an invading people.

Bright shone the jewels of the Sabines  
And blinded the eyes of Tarpeia,  
And her heart leaped with joy  
At the mingling of colors.

The ambassadors brought up smooth armfuls.  
Yours for the asking, they said.  
Tarpeia fondled the jewels.  
The golden chains slid through her fingers,  
The emeralds and rubies merged and gleamed  
In liquid pools of fire,  
And Tarpeia's heart turned to ecstasy,  
On her smooth, white arms she slipped the bracelets.  
Over the clear, white neck the jewel chains came jangling,  
And she shouted with exultation,  
And opened the gates to the Sabines.

Poor heart that knew more of lust than loyalty!  
For under the Sabine shields  
Soon her body lay mangled and broken,  
The gleaming stones pressed forever  
Into the flesh that loved them.  
And the Sabines rode into Rome.

They say that under the Capitoline  
Still dwells the soul of Tarpeia  
Held by a spell  
Under the hill,  
And covered with gold and jewels.

K. B. H.





## JOKES

Jane: "Do you think my hands show any signs of toil?"

Janet: "The one with the engagement ring on it shows that you have been working."

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"How so?"

"That's what the government offers for my return."

If "saving the surface saves all," the modern girl must be in a wonderful state of preservation.

"There's safety in numbers," chuckled the guilty man when his twin brother was hanged.

"Our heart goes out to the man who joined the Navy to see the world, and then spent four years in a submarine."

"Why does that fellow call the postman 'Professor'?"

"Because he is taking a correspondence school course."

"Have you heard the song of the vagabonds?"

"No; howsit go?"

"Tramp, tramp, tramp!"

"Not so hot," said the arctic explorer as he discovered the North Pole.

And, by the way, H. J. Heinz surely knows his beans.

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Colias: "Why won't your mother let you play on the piano?"

Isaac: "She's afraid I'll fall off."

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Another good way to reduce has been discovered. Try dieting on doughnut holes.

He: "Do you like candy, young lady?"

She (eagerly): "Oh, yes."

He (calmly): "Thanks, I'm getting statistics for Whitman's."

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